

DAILY GAZETTE.

VOL. 1

LAS VEGAS, N. M., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1879.

NO. 51.

Las Vegas Daily Gazette

J. H. KOGLER, Editor.

Eureka.

A new paper of the above title is now being printed at the GAZETTE office. Mills & Beecher of this city are the editors and proprietors. The first issue reaches 5,000 copies which will be the largest number of one edition ever issued from a press in New Mexico. It will be a handsome 28 column paper, issued monthly, and devoted to the mining, stock raising and agricultural interests of New Mexico, to land grants and all matters pertaining to the material development of the Territory. It will be a valuable paper for substantial information in reference to this little known country.

The *Optic* came out yesterday evening as a daily, presenting quite a good appearance and well filled with local and general matter. It is considerable of a paper.

The following items we glean from *Thirty-four*:

The troops in Southern New Mexico are stationed at Fort Stanton and Fort Bayard. Distance from Stanton to Bayard about 375 miles. From Fort Bliss, Texas, to Socorro, N. M., is about 200 miles. Victorio has got all this space to do his dodging on, and if he ever gets cornered again by Maj. Morrow's command, it is because he thinks he can whip him.

If the sheriffs of some of the lower counties had heeded the advice of Gov. Wallace, two months ago, they could have had plenty of calibre 50's there before Victorio hopped into his saddle for battle, and to-day the citizens, cruelly murdered, would have been alive and the red skins toes would have been turned toward the daisies.

The above article has been going the rounds, and while it may be doing justice to some of the sheriffs of the lower counties, it is a great injustice to the sheriff of this county, which the following extract from a letter written June 25th, 1879, to the Governor will show; and we hope, in justice to the sheriff of Dona Ana county, the territorial press will make the correction:

"Our county will furnish ample security to the Territory or United States, for the loan of 100 carbines and 100 pistols, with ammunition and accoutrements for the same."

Henry J. Caniffe,
Sheriff Dona Ana Co."

The Cerillos Mines are not going back by any means. New discoveries are constantly being made and the old mines are showing up better than ever.

There is some talk of the Kansas Pacific building their road through to New Mexico.

The Highest Telegraph Station.

A telegraph station has been lately established at the Ryffel Hotel, under the Lyffellom, in the Valais. It is about 8,500 feet above the level of the sea, and is the highest telegraph station in Europe. A Swiss paper has claimed that it is the highest telegraph station in the world but this is a mistake. The station on Pike's Peak, in the Rocky Mountains, is 14,000 feet above sea level, and is, therefore something higher than that at the Ryffel Hotel.

The other day a genuine tramp, with a stomach yearning for a pickled up meal, undertook to enter a yard on Winder street. A large, fierce dog stood at the gate to give him a hostile welcome, and after vainly trying to propitiate the animal the tramp called to a lad of ten who was making a kite on the veranda. "Hey, sonny!" "Yes, I'm here," was the reply. "Say, bub, call yer dog!" "No use—no use," replied the lad. "Even if you got in here ma's waiting at the kitchen door with a kettle of hot water. Sarah's working the telephone to get the police, and I'm here to holler 'murder!' and wake up the whole street!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

When you ask a detective about a matter with which he is supposed to be perfectly familiar, he looks very wise, but says he "don't know much about it." There is generally more truth in his words than in his looks.

A conceited student in Brown University once told Dr. Wayland, the president, that he thought it would be easy to make proverbs like those of Solomon. The reply of Dr. Wayland was simply, "Make a few."

LOS CERRILLOS.

From the Ancient City to the Ancient Mines.

New Camps on Old Sites.—Mountains of Mineral.

ANOTHER TRAMP.

Among the gentlemen met in Santa Fe, not mentioned heretofore, are Gen. Smith; U. S. Collector, Judge Davis, of the Land Office and many more. Two sons of Mr. Chard, of Las Vegas, are doing business in the city and one of them had just returned from a hunting trip to the Pecos, where some interesting discoveries were made. By Wednesday evening I had completed my observations and was ready to move on, with some valuable information which will be made available in the future. I packed up and took the route step, following down the road on the south side of the river, intending to make a camp a few miles out and have a short march the next day; but when the open plain was reached there was an apparent scarcity of wood and water, so I retreated a short distance and camped with a hospitable Mexican, who kindly opened a spare room and aided in making me feel not only comfortable, but also at home. He had been a soldier at Valverde, and we managed to get pretty well acquainted, although his English and my Spanish were of about the same quality. I struck out at an early hour, following the Albuquerque road, but as it did not run in exactly the right direction I gave it up and tramped due south-west, across the prairie, for the sharp pointed mountains which mark the location of the ancient mines. About the most direct route is found by following the telegraph line, which keeps to the left of the Albuquerque road and just to the right of Los Cerrillos. A landmark which can scarcely be mistaken, is a conical mound, even and regular, surmounted by a cross. The mound is the extreme north-western of the Cerillos group of peaks. The road passes to the left of the mound, between it and some lower, rough, conical hills.

The mound can scarcely be missed, when following the old Albuquerque road. The traveler, going from Santa Fe, can go out twelve miles to a placita and there take the road which passes the mound. A twenty mile walk is no slight matter and I was glad to deposit my baggage for the last mile of the way on a wagon which was hauling water to Camp Dimmick.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

It is quite difficult to describe the Cerillos district, so as to convey a definite idea of its general appearance. The reader must imagine a plain nearly level, some ten miles from south-east to north-west, all thrown into hills or cañons running in the same direction; the hollows of unequal depth and of unlike configurations. Then from this chaos, the work of volcanoes and internal convulsions, springs up a dozen or twenty peaks, also volcanic, as is proved by the soil, surface, etc., the whole covered with a growth of stunted pine timber. The higher peaks are all alike, in being elongated from southeast to north-west, all irregular on the top, but all presenting a profile approximating a half circle, or more like the outer edge of an old fashioned paper fan, when opened. When on the plain to the northeast the sides of the peaks are presented. Very unexpectedly I found that the major axis of the hills did not coincide with the direction of the strata of rock in which the mineral veins, or lodes, are located. The veins extend usually, when at all regular, from north-east to south-west, so that in searching for "float," or for an outcrop, traveling over the length of the hills, crosses all the strata, which here stand almost perpendicular.

A MINERS' CAMP.

Camp Dimmick, a village of tents, shanties, dugouts, and one frame house, is well to the east end of the district, in a narrow depression, too shallow to be called a cañon, too narrow to be called a valley, but which, having a southern exposure, and be-

ing protected on all sides by the slightly higher ground, promises to be a more comfortable winter camp than could be found on the plains, or higher up the mountain. Wood is plenty and the only great deficiency is in the water supply, that essential element having to be hauled two or three miles. About one hundred men and two ladies constitute the population. Two miles down to the south-east is "Poverty Hollow," which has good water and a good location.

THE METAL.

The first object to strike the eye on entering the camp, was a long table, on which was piled a ton, or less, of specimens from the different mining claims. At one end of the table was the office of the *Prospector* and at the other the St. Louis boarding house. At the former an immense amount of information can be obtained, without price, while the other sets up a meal at fifty cents a head.

THE PROSPECTS.

Nearly two days were spent in the camp and enough learned about the mines and the prospects to fill a book. This article is not intended as a puff, and so will deal only in the baldest matters of fact. Mineral is found at every step almost throughout the district. From three to five hundred prospect holes have been dug and in almost every case mineral was found in quantities sufficient to justify continuing the work. None of the shafts have been sunk to any great distance, yet the assays show silver amounting to from \$30 or \$40 up to \$300 per ton. This was one of the old Spanish mining camps and could not have been worked, with the means at their command, unless of extraordinary richness. Everywhere throughout the district the old works of the Spaniards, or Aztecs, are visible.

NAMING THE MINES.

Every man or company has its own names for the location. The names are as varied, and original, as could be expected. One of the best is the Friday lode. Then there is the "Condor," "Lucky Dutchman," "Hoosier Boy," "Little Emma," etc. One firm of four men named their claims the "Rough Ashler," "Perfect Ashler," "Royal Arch," and "Key Stone."

Every one has the most perfect faith in the future of the mines; yet different men put widely differing values of claims: One man sold an interest in a claim for \$100 and another man sold an equal interest for \$700. It must not be understood that silver is the only mineral found. Mr. Hull, in a quartz vein, found free gold in considerable quantities.

Specimens from four or five of the mines can be seen at the GAZETTE office. Another chapter will be devoted to the mines and miners.

The man who cheats the printer

Out of a single cent,

Will never reach the heavenly land
Where old Elijah went.

Dr. Larimer, the Chicago divine who was recently charged with plagiarism, seems to have been convicted by the evidence in his case, for his sermons have suddenly lost the depth, breadth and point which formerly characterized them. But what the church should be interested in is: Did he show good judgment in his selections from other men's brain work? There are few clergymen who do not draw largely from others for ideas, and when churchgoers are instructed, entertained and benefited by a sermon, it is a matter of minor importance whether the meat of the sermon is provided from the literature of the period, a contemporaneous preacher, is taken from the Bible, or is the original thought of the speaker. If the effect is the same, it matters not so much about the source of the light. But Dr. Larimer is down.

Thrift is one of the Iowa virtues. A Davenport clergyman was called upon to marry a couple one night last week. They were nicely dressed, in their twenties, and evidently well-to-do. After the ceremony had been performed the groom thrust his hand in his pocket and fished out three quarters which he held in the palm of his hand, saying to the minister: "There, take your pay from that!" "Let us see," mused the minister; "the publishing of the marriage notice will cost half a dollar!" "O, will it," replied the groom; "well, then, take the whole of it! It ain't much matter, anyway!"

BY TELEGRAPH.

Death of Zach Chandler.

Chicago, November 1.—Senator Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, was found dead in bed at the Grand Pacific Hotel this morning. He had been speaking in Wisconsin, and last night addressed an immense audience at McCormick's Hall, in this city, and spoke with his usual earnestness. After the meeting, when Mr. Spaulding and Senator Logan were sitting in his room engaged in conversation, Senator Chandler

COMPLAINED OF INDIGESTION.

He had also complained of a distressing feeling while en route to this city with those gentlemen. Mr. Spaulding suggested that he remain over in the city until Saturday night, but he said business affairs required his attention at home, and the order was given to have him called in the morning at seven o'clock. His friends then bade him good night, and that is the last time the Senator was seen alive. This morning when the office boy called him there was no response, and, upon repetition, silence prevailed. The clerk then effected an entrance through the transom, and found that the Senator was dead. The body was not quite cold, and a physician who was present decided that death had occurred about three hours previous to the discovery. The face looked tranquil, showing that death was painless. The Coroner will hold an inquest. John B. Drake telegraphed President Hayes the sad intelligence at about eight o'clock.

CAUSE OF DEATH.

Dr. McVicker, who was immediately called, is of the opinion, from a partial examination, that death was the result of a sudden congestion of the lungs, brought about by a cold which was contracted at Janesville. The inquest will be held during the afternoon.

The Brooklyn presbytery are now investigating the question as to Rev. Talmage drinking while in England. It is pretty well established that he did drink champagne at dinner after one of his sermons. Now we don't think this is an offense to make such a fuss over. Our opinion has been all along that Dr. Talmage did his drinking before his sermons.

Scenes in Arizona.

The *Inter Ocean's* man in Arizona is sending in some interesting letters to his paper. In a recent one he speaks as follows on some queer laws:

Robbing the express and mail coaches seems to have lately become a favorite pastime; but it is safe to assume that this may be interrupted now by a proclamation just issued by Acting Governor Gosper, offering a reward of \$500 to any one who shall kill by means of fire-arms or otherwise, any person attempting to rob the mail or express or to search the passengers." If the Governor of Illinois should issue a proclamation of this sort, it would create, perhaps, something of a sensation among the slow going farmers of your state but that seems to be the way they naturally do things out here and in it way it is a very good way. On a par with this startling executive order as a little bit of off hand Arizona legislation contained in an act of the Territorial Legislature, passed last winter, known as the "omnibus divorce bill" by which in one benevolent enactment fifteen matrimonial Gordian knots were cut, and all the way from fifteen to thirty souls made happy in new found liberty. That Governor Fremont should have approved such a bill, which in many cases gave divorces without the knowledge even of the parties affected. (In one case well known here neither husband nor wife had any intimation of their sudden separation until after it had been accomplished) with surprise many in the east; but the Governor from long travel has learned the old adage which admonishes one when he is among the Hassayampas to do as the Hassayampas do.

There are many strange Sunday scenes enacted here. Two devoted but hungry looking men in their churches, on either side of the town preach the gospel and good morals ever Sunday morning while the call of keno and the rattle of faro

chips go merrily on between. Some told missionary, from the "Baptist Theological Seminary," of Chicago, made his appearance here last Sunday, and being from Chicago and well advertised drew a good house. His effort, however, was more earnest than able, and the good people present seized the occasion to remark to your correspondent, as they filed out, that "that sort of preaching might do for Chicago, but it was too thin for Prescott." The reverend gentleman is to continue his efforts here, and his plan seems to be alternate between churches on opposite sides of the town. On one side he may find a Sodom to storm, and on the other a Gomorrah to besiege but when his efforts shall have ceased, I fear that here Chicago beer will continue to be in greater demand than Chicago theology.

Wool Market.

Boston, November 1.—The past week has been the most active on record, the total sales reaching 6,719,300 pounds, of which 1,181,500 pounds were foreign. The prices of nearly all kinds advanced from 2 to 3 cents per pound, and the tendency of the market is still decidedly upward. It is doubtful if any considerable amount of wool could now be bought without leading to another advance of about 2 cents, notwithstanding the large transactions. There is no unusual excitement on the market. There is more or less speculative inquiry, but the bulk of the sales have been to manufacturers, who are free purchasers of all desirable wools.

AMSTERDAM is said to be one of the richest cities in the world, and the richest for its size except Augsburg and Frankfurt. It is not only rich but benevolent. Its poor-houses look like palaces, and its society for the "public welfare," which extends its influence over the whole kingdom is the most noted of its benevolent institutions. It was founded in 1784 by Jan. Nieuwenhuize, a Baptist clergyman at Monnickendam, but three years later was transferred to Amsterdam. The great purpose of the institution is (1) to promote the education of the young even after they have left school by training teachers publishing school and other books, establishing libraries, Sunday-schools, etc.; (2) to further the culture and improvement of adults by publishing instructive literature, instituting public lectures, reading rooms, savings banks for widows, orphans, and the like (3) to give rewards and honors to those who have performed acts of humanity and generosity. The society has done incalculable good, and thousands of poor and vicious people are reported to have been reformed by its energetic and unremitting efforts. It is a remarkable fact in the history of the institution that during the 95 years of its existence there has not been an instance of dishonesty in its management.

The Southern Pacific.

Col. Hood, in charge of the eastern surveys of the Southern Pacific, furnishes some interesting facts to the *Mesilla News* in reference to the construction of that road. The end of the track is at present only 346 miles from Mesilla. Construction of the road eastward was to be commenced the 1st of this month. It will be built at the rate of 1 1/2 to 2 miles per day, and they intend to be at Shakespeare, New Mexico, by March 1st, 1880, and expect to be on the Rio Grande by Christmas, 1880. The end of the track is at present at Casa Grande, Arizona, where there are acres of ties, iron and material collected.

According to the *Mirror*, \$60,000 is the price paid by eastern men for an interest in certain new discoveries in the Sandia Mountains.